

HETERODOXY



CENTRAL SECONDARY SCHOOL

LONDON ONTARIO

TEN CENTS

EDITORIAL

For the final editorial it is both customary and apt to look back at the year now ending.

Back in the elections of 1968, Alex Farquhar promised a year of changes. This year has seen many changes, though not all (by any means) of them were of Alex's making.

All of a sudden, teaching improved -- in methods, curriculum, facilities, and even attitudes. Our library was expanded with more and better books, greater working space, quiet study corners out of the way, and pleasant surroundings (I can hear you groaning, but it's true). Rumours for next year include record players with stereo earphones. The English and History courses are taking refreshing new steps as well -- no more memory work and busy work, more comprehension and objectivity.

The Grade 13's were granted non-compulsory attendance. The dress restrictions of the past have been eliminated, thereby reducing the tensions in the "clothing contests" among different groups of girls. Opposition to long hair and beards has disappeared, a sensible step. And you who are in Grade Nine will be out of school after Grade 12 -- they're finally getting rid of that nasty extra year.

It seems strange that the very changes that are making Centralites happy are also eradicating the school's ancient school spirit. Under a strict disciplinarian, spirit is high -- because all students are equal under the oppressive administration's thumb. This unifies the students so that they cheer our boys on and boo the other team (and all those other manifestations of the Rah-Rah syndrome). But when the administration is liberal, the students tend not to care about whether we win the Herman Furr Memorial Trophy. Instead they break off into interest groups that develop them better as individuals -- and this is good. I think we should let the old school spirit (where you wouldn't even speak to someone from South) die a natural death. Central

will have to adjust to its new fragmentation rather than try to kick the students back into being wholeheartedly enthusiastic about the sports schtick and the "we're from good old Cental, let's sing it to the world" idea. Some just can't sing, and most don't feel like it. But this is not to say that we should not be proud of our school when it excels (as it often does).

With the acknowledgement of the existence of groups with different interests in the school, there came the beginning of a breakdown in the old social and status system. No longer does everyone strive to be in with the Golden People who rule the school. Other groups that are perfectly satisfied with their mode of life now exist -- for instance, the group that likes drama and communications arts; the many splinter groups of neo-hippies; the band; and, most important of all, those who are not really involved in any school activity and experience living with others away from the school environment. As for the student government this year, a stultifying lack of interest made it less effective than it should have been. Things were in a state of flux, though this atmosphere was no excuse for the carelessness that was the major mistake of the Farquhar regime. The new council's lack of interest in planning social affairs resulted in no School Show and poor planning for other social activities. However, the poor showing at the recent formal (only 30 couples, as compared to 100 in the past) indicates that the day of the "big dance" is over and social activities must be more varied to get a greater response.

One good thing that this year's government did do was to outline a new system of governing machinery for next year. I am confident that under Terry Dance's leadership next year the system will run smoothly and creatively.

And as for the newspaper, I feel that we've done a pretty fair job, considering that Heterodoxy started so late in the year. The staff's thanks go especially to John Horwood, who has worked long

continued on page

Mr. BIG Tasty donuts and Char Broiled Steakburgers

WISHING YOU A VERY GOOD SUMMER

AND DON'T FORGET, MR. BIG FOR

THE BEST STEAKBURGERS

AND CHAMP-BURGERS



continued from page 2

hours these past months as Editor. Paul Cox, our persevering Advertising Manager, deserves a great deal of praise too. And as for next year, we're all looking forward to a two-newspaper school. Central will enjoy a regular weekly news sheet as well as the monthly edition of Heterodoxy.

To plagiarize from last year's Purple Press (remember?), we would like also like to thank everybody who supported us this year, blah blah.

Have a good summer.

-- James Marquhar (interim editor)

S.E.E.D. SUMMER EXPLORATION, EXPERIENCE, AND DEVELOPMENT

The above may not sound like a turn-on, but the words cannot properly describe the exciting reality that is S.E.E.D. This summer Central will act as the clearinghouse for S.E.E.D. activities, and those activities will include anything that interests the participants (mainly high school kids). S.E.E.D. will supply resource people, meeting facilities, and many useful resource materials (art materials, maybe, or movie film). The Board of Education has supplied a secretary who will man (or woman) the telephone throughout the summer to make sure you can find (or make) your place in this summer free education project. Whatever

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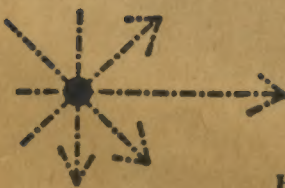
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continued from page 4

goes on, S. E. E. D. will be unstructured, but we hope that those attending would come to the planned weekly evaluation meetings, to keep up to date on S. E. E. D. activities. For you, these activities might be such ones as a group discussion meeting in a park; a trip to a hospital; a visit to an old man's house to see his butterfly collection. If you were interested in learning the finer points of a sport, S. E. E. D. would try to supply an expert in it.

That's S. E. E. D., kids and freedom in the summer. Involvement in S. E. E. D. might show you that there are more things to learn than are found in books, more ways to learn them than are available in classrooms. — Alex Engle

A STORY

A funny thing happened to me the other day. I was walking down near the Prefect Room when suddenly I tripped and fell into a yawning blackness, down, down... Suddenly the world slammed against my body and I was jerked into unconsciousness.

When I awoke, I heard a soft whirring noise near me. My blurred eyes gradually cleared and the fuzzy pattern of lights six feet in front of me crystallized into the image of a grey box covered with flashing signals, dials, and controls. Curious, I crept a few inches closer and, strangely enough, immediately felt a wave of fatigue bleach my body. I persevered, though, and crawled on. But every inch reduced my vigour. My interest was slowly sapped. And it was then that I realized the true horror that lay before me. It was an Apathy Machine!

Dumbfounded, I drew back, slowly at first, but with the onrush of refreshing strength, I found I could crawl faster.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps and scurried back into the darkest corner of the dungeon, just in time.

Two figures, both dressed in an

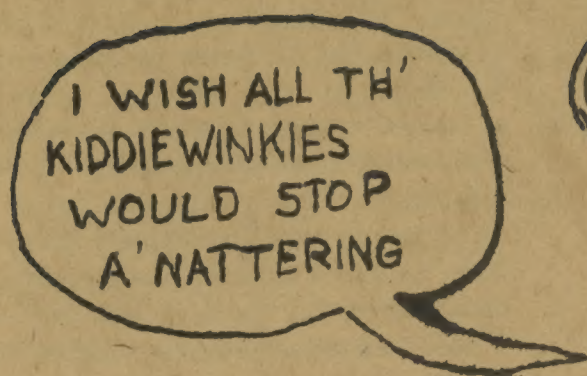
ominous shade of black, descended a dangling rope ladder from a trap door ten feet above. They alighted and, with their backs to me, inspected the machine. Stooping over it and touching its controls, they seemed immune to its terrifying power. The duo, apparently a boy and a girl, cackled gleefully. "It's working so beautifully," the boy chuckled. "For a year now we've been giving the kids dosages every noon hour in the cafeteria, and look what the Apathetron Ray Machine has done already!" "Yes," chortled the girl, "First they stopped going to football games, then basketball attendance petered out--and, of course, no one suspected a thing. And then, remember what we did to the School Show? Just a little extra from the machine and they decided to cancel it!"

"What a year it's been for our cause," mused her companion. "We've got the average attendance at dances down to a hundred Centralites now--believe me, that wasn't easy! It took me two weeks to work out the proper machine adjustments. But it was worth it. Look at the Senior Formal--all those beautiful plans for the Holiday Inn and no one wanted a ticket!"

"But our most glorious achievement was that fantastic fiasco last February!" the girl shouted merrily. "Remember how worked up everyone was about the extension of the school year? Remember how everyone voted to strike and was all ready for action?" she laughed abruptly and ironically. "It was tough, but we managed to dampen their ardor. Our apathy machine is irresistible. Nothing can stop it! And next year it's going to be even better. We're going to install that other machine just underneath the teacher's lounge, and then we'll see some beautiful apathy!"

Then they turned towards me and in the half-light I was shocked. I won't tell you what their names were or what group or groups they're in or where you see them every day (like in the washroom while you're combing

continued on page 6



continued from page 5

your hair). If I revealed any more I'm sure they'd take me to their apathy machine and make a bizarre sacrifice to Central's new God. They'd hold me over it and turn the controls up higher and higher. First my liver would begin to get apathetic, then my lungs, and finally my heart. Then I'd die.

But frankly, I'm beginning to like the new state of affairs around Central. Lots of leisure, nobody doing anything in particular. But then they say that an overdose of Apathetron Rays makes you contented with the way things are.

If you still have the energy, maybe you ought to take a good look around, search out the conspirators and nip their plot in the bud. Yeah, you do it. It's getting so that I don't really care about it anymore.

Cease Your Knit-Picking

London is an ultra-conservative community. Recently the results of a survey dealing with London high school students' consumption of drugs tobacco and alcohol were released to the public. A comment which appeared in the London Free Press front-page, 3/4-inch headlined article about the report read, "It's hard to believe we're living in good old London any more."

Obviously this comment would portray the general trend of opinion amongst the majority of London's adult population. Suddenly they realize that their city's youth is experimenting on its own; they are shocked out of their pants to find that their "wholesome" children have not been heeding warnings about the dangers and harmful effects to one's health resulting from taking drugs, smoking or drinking booze.

I, myself, was quite pleased to see

that a number of students are going out on their own and seeing for themselves. At least they are not sitting at home replying, "Yes mummy, yes daddy; no mummy, no daddy," to parental orders.


While all the adults were fuming away from behind their newspapers about the report's results, they should have realized that they smoke, too, and possibly more so than the average secondary school student. They take a drink after a hard day at the office, or during a meal, or in the process of entertaining guests. And they resort to drugs, too. Aspirins for their headaches, decongestants for their sniffles and sneezes, laxatives for irregularity, bromides and alkalides for upset stomachs, sleeping pills for insomnia, vitamin pills for lack of pep, Geritol for iron-poor blood, antacids for stomach distress, and

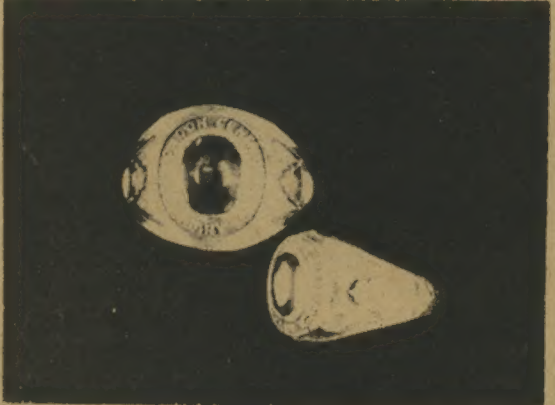
kidney pills for nagging back-aches, plus countless others. Even though these are not as strong (i. e. non-hallucinatory) as LSD, STP, or speed, many adults are still hooked on these patent drugs. They think nothing of smoking, drinking or taking drugs themselves, but they yell and scream (although some are merely disturbed mildly) when their kids do likewise.

So, all you adult relations. Keep your cool and look at yourselves for a change.

And fellow students: The next time your parents smolder over reports such as the aforementioned one, remind them of their pack of cigarettes, their liquor cabinet and their medicine chest.

-Scott T. Davidson



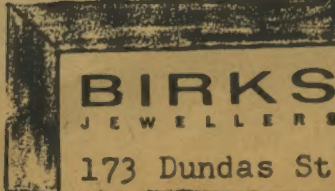


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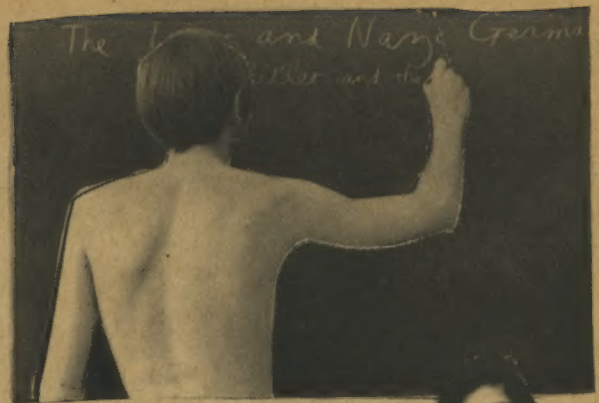
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HETERODOXY, JUNE '69



ISSUE, PAGE 9



Farquhar's Elegy on Central from a
City Tombstone

* Editor's Note: This item was gleaned by careful translation from the century's more unimportant archaeological find, the tombstone of a minor adolescent potentate of the XXth Century.

... (first section unintelligible--Ed. ~).
... as I look back on my days in Central (the tiny principality ruled by the potentate--Ed.). I am indeed amazed by the incredible ignorance and misdirection of its inhabitants. They believe that the man most successful is the one who drinks the most booze (a sacrificial boverage of these natives, believed to bring on a mild sort of intoxication--Ed.) and the woman most beautiful the one with the most expensive and flashy clothing (an obsolescent form of body covering, worn, believe it or not, in an attempt to ward off the cold, and secondarily, for many females, to keep in the body--Ed.). ... These students (tribal name for the inhabitants of the Central nation--Ed.) are not far removed from the days when the readers of books were stoned by the ignorant: they merely stone the searcher after knowledge with derisive verbal buffets. (We believe that the potentate died of a broken heart after discovering that his serfs would not support him in his quest for the Grail--Ed.).

These Centralites believe that the most important thing in life is the next dance (a tribal ritual of this principality involving mimicry of the sex act--Ed.) Remind them that there are starving thousands on their very continent, and they are dumb-founded. They never consider such things. They are very proud when they donate money to charity (the meaning of this word is unclear--Ed.) but, much like their parents (a reference ti ancestor worship of some sort--Ed.), they give only until the pennies in their pockets are gone. Spend my hard earned millions on those lazy beggars, you've

got to be kidding. (This line is of doubtful authenticity--Ed.)

As I leave them, I have few regrets, the most important being that I didn't raid their cafeteria (some sort of reference to the communal eating habits of these people--Ed.) and let them starve for a few hours without their French fries (an obvious reference to cannibalism--Ed.). Good-bye, Central, don't produce any non-wooden students.

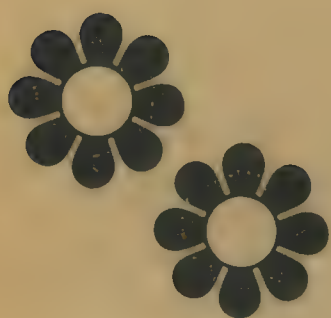
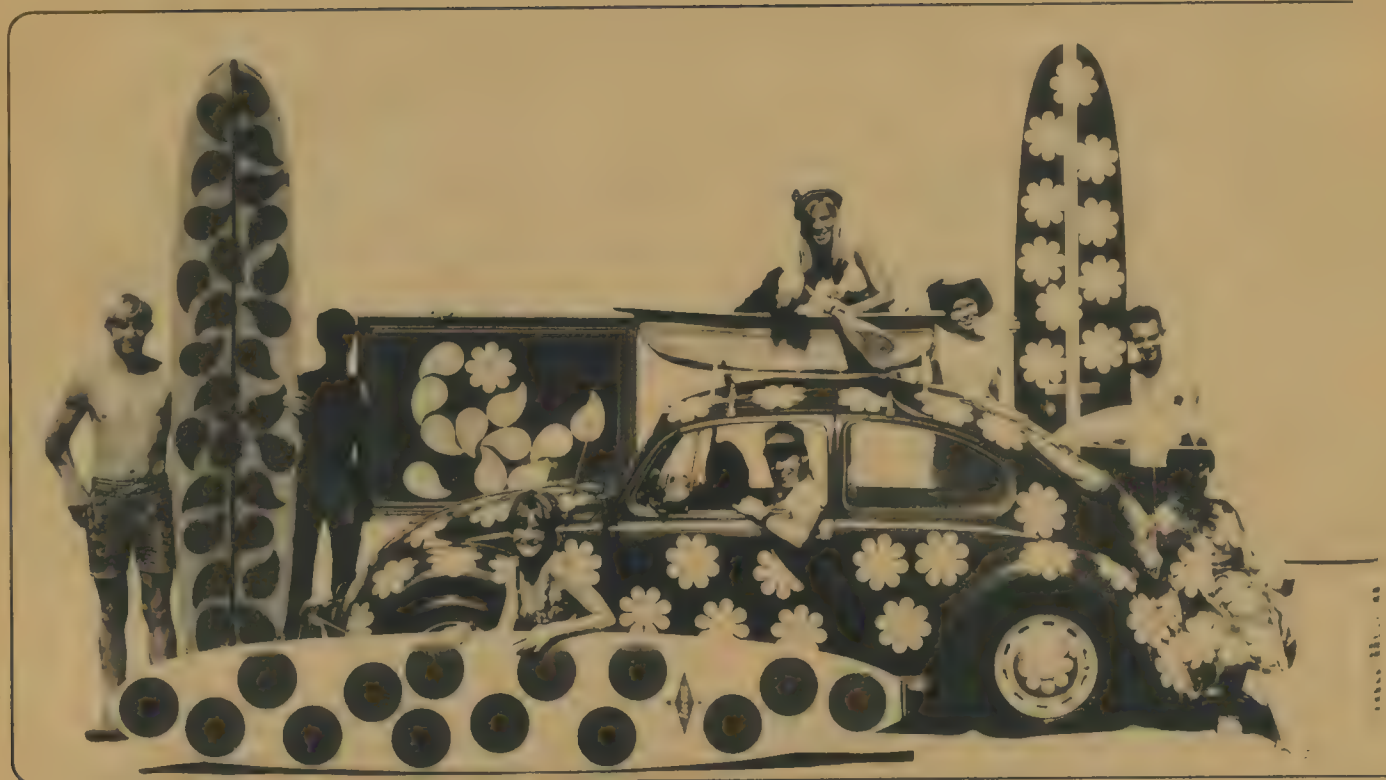
Signed (unintelligible--Ed.)

His mark.

-Alex Farquhar

Dear XIRX,

I am writing to you about the lack of interest and co-operation on the whole of the xtudent body concerning the contributionx and enthuxiaxm to the newxpaper. Very often I hear people tear apart the publication and critixize it becauxe of the lack of many conxstructive articlex and how, if they had a mind to do xomething, they would do better than xome people who write articlex for it. But the point ix, they don't. It'x too late thix year, but if the memberx of thix xchool want more for their money next year, it dependx on what they contribute; and no one elxe. Pardon me for all the x'x, but every time I try to type an x, I get an x, xee? Maybe if I can do it faxt, I may be able to xneak up on the s!



USE

RICKIE TICKIE
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FROM



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Surreal Landscape

The sun set in the endless field and its light was blocked short at the shape. Spilling over the square, erect slab, the glowing strands of light felt their way over it. The shape was a gray monolith. About the height of a man, and had stood there for a long time. Its base was concealed by weedy grass that shifted nervously under the weight of the wind. The slab stood protectively over a fallen column, a short distance away. At this time of the day, its shadow was draped over its reclining sister. The sister herself, had once been a pillar. Nearly a man's width in diameter, and had also lain there a long time. She too was caressed by the convulsive grass, and remained willing. So he stood, and so she lay. Gray, both of them, and pitted with an age that mocked their makers and the twilight was dying in a rich, gold curtain.

The small boy just stopped, and stared at the two forms. The sun was kinder to him, and his shape against it was soft and rounded. With faltering steps, he cautiously approached the figures, taking off his cap quickly in awe of such a holiness. They stood there for quite a while, the boy looking at the slab, who must have looked back. Tears ground their way down the boy's face, and his silhouette drooped. Then it was dark, and the boy tore off his clothes, fell violently, purposefully onto the pillar, and clawed at her in his passion, while all the while, the mute pillar softly cried out rape, rape, rape...

--Michael Harris 12-4



On Potters' Wheels

In children's minds the poppies blow
Between the schemings, row on row,
That mark their place; and in the sky
The Tinker-Bell of love still flies
Scarce missed in all the fun below.

We are the old. Long nights ago
We loved, felt strong, saw future's glow,
Felt and were felt, but now we slouch
On potters' wheels.

Take up our contest with the cold;
To you the flaming loves we throw
To light; be yours to fan them high.
If you lose faith in us who die
We shall but crack, though poppies grow
On potters' wheels.

-Joe Weber

Nearness tingles as we touch
look down-the two of us
at our world.

Peace, quiet, and black;
a sea of dark unconsciousness
punctuated by streetlights
in pinpoint columns
sentinels over the sleeping

Yellow, green, and red;
the neon downtown night
reflected in the flow
of fearful faces
people trapped in concrete

Body, breast, and lips;
overwhelming sensuous love
worlds explode as lovers toil
sweet gentle touch
linking flesh and souls

-Mark Handelman
April '69.

21 and Under Workshop

The Public Library and Art Museum is planning to sponsor a self-determined poetry group this summer. This would include summer workshops with informal discussion of your own poetry among people with your own interests. The library would publish information on contests readings and speeches and information on meetings. Other ideas include possible poetry readings in the park and a CBC Radio project.

If you are interested, please come and discuss plans at a meeting on Wednesday June 25th from 7:30 to 8:30 p.m. in Meeting Room 2 in the CetrallLibrary Building on Queens Avenue.

This project cannot go ahead without your support. For further information please phone Mrs. Patricia Dewdney at the Public Library 432- 7166.

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Seven Easy Steps to Driving Your Teacher Insane

1. My most important advice is: BE YOURSELF!?! This is guaranteed to give your teacher a pain.
2. Question everything the teacher says and then have a vote on whether he or she is right or not.
3. Every week send your teacher a progress report on how much you think he is learning during class.
4. If a teacher asks you why you did something, say "Because." This is one way of wasting a period and after a while, the teacher gives you up as a hopeless cause.
5. If a teacher asks you what you have to say for yourself, you could say: "I don't want to say anything about myself, I'm too modest. What do you have to say for yourself?"
6. One thing that always gets the teacher's dander up is to counter his or her question with another question.
7. Finally, be as miserable as possible.

And act normal. Teachers don't like the student's versions of "normal."

--Bill Paul 9-E



PLAYING.



WHAT NEW SHOWS TO EXPECT
ON TV NEXT SEASON

Medical shows are making a comeback next season. UMC, or University Medical Centre on CBS stars Chad Everett (Dakotas). You may have seen my review of the pilot in the last issue. Another medical show, Marcus Welby, M.D. which stars Robert Young (Father Knows Best) will be on ABC and promises to be an interesting series about a general practitioner and his young assistant who rides to calls on his motorcycle. The NBC medical entry next season is The New Medicine which will alternate every third week with two other shows under the main title of The Bold Ones.

In the adventure lineup next season will be Then Came Bronson on NBC starring Michael Parks as a fellow jaunting around the country on his motorcycle trying to find the true meaning of life (reminds you of Route 66, doesn't it?). The Survivors, starring George Hamilton and Lana Turner will be seen on ABC. CBC's Adventures in Rainbow Country is being produced in co-operation with ABC in Britain and will be distributed throughout the world. It will be filmed in Northern Ontario. ABC's 90-minute Movie of the Week will feature World Premiere tailored-for-television movies.

In the romance vein will be ABC's Love American Style which will be 48 minutes long and have 3 or 4 stories per show.

There will be many new comedy shows on next season. All are half an hour long. The Courtship of Eddie's Father is an ABC

comedy entry starring Bill Bixby (My Favourite Martian). Room 222 stars Bill Cosby (I Spy) as a school teacher and will co-star Denise Nichols (N.Y.P.D.). Holly Golightly is NBC's version of Breakfast at Tiffany's which will star Stephanie Powers (The Girl from U.N.C.L.E.). Bracken's World on NBC is about the boss of a movie studio.

If you're interested in educational new series, NBC is leading the bandwagon in this field, with three of them. Their series on James Thurber, My World and Welcome to it will have Harold J. Stone playing Hamilton Greeley. Marshall Thompson (Daktari) will narrate their series of Jungle Tales, a loose copy of Walt Disney's True-life Adventure Stories. Their third is called The Challenging Sea.

In variety, ABC will have Jimmy Durante presents the Lennon Sisters and Andy Williams will once more have a variety show on NBC. Jim Nabors is also getting his own show.

Some of this Summer's Replacement Shows may wind up as regular series in the fall. They are: The Jimmie Rodgers Show, ABC; Sandler and Young with Judy Carne, NBC; and The Johnny Cash, John Davidson, and Dick Cavett Shows on ABC.

There are quite a few pilots that may or may not make it as regular series this fall. One of these is Arnold's Closet Review, a half-hour comedy starring Arte Johnson. There are also two game shows that Chuck Barris (The Newlywed and Dating Games) is working on. They are R.S.V.P. which deals with etiquette and The Game Game which compares a businessman's

relationship with his wife and his secretary. Another is Odd Couple. The Protector starring Van Johnson may be taken on by CBS. The Continuing Story of the Shameful Secrets of Hastings Corners starring Hal Linden is a spoof on Peyton Place and a likely candidate for a series. In Name Only, starring Michael Callan and Ann Prentiss, has a chance for a series of its own, too.

Many of your old favourites will be back next year and there will be many more new ones. So when September rolls around maybe watching these new shows will ease you into the start of the next school term. Until then, keep watching!

Is War a Necessary Part of Our Everyday Existence?

Is it possible for mankind to live in a peaceful world? Would we go insane for lack of somebody, or body of somebodies, to hate?

Whenever the phenomenon of man has occurred thus far on earth it seems that war was not far behind; there has been a war for each generation of man since time began. Man and war go together like the oft-sung "horse and carriage."

Let us look for a minute at what could conceivably happen, if, through some stroke of chance (mischance?) all wars were to suddenly cease. With no wars, there would be no possible use for an army (the government is too intelligent to pay for something that isn't needed) and millions of men and women would be out of work. I estimate that maybe one-fifth of the world's population is working on the promotion and continuation of war. With one-fifth of our population unemployed we would indeed have a bit of a problem on our hands. Economically speaking, it is cheaper to wage war than to put uncountable millions of people on the "dole".

What of the little people, you and me, come peacetime? What could we do to vent our aggressions with nobody to call a "commie agitator," "yellow gook" or even capitalist warmonger. Slowly, the pressures of animosity would build up till people would die or turn into quivering blobs of frustration.

Also, as a result of peace, television would lapse into obsolescence as there would eventually be no more old war movies to re-run (Rat Patrol vs. Nemesis of Neglect). Politicians would have nothing to lie

about during campaigns. Literature would grind to a halt; Norman Mailer and Leon Uris would fade into oblivion with the veterans who gather around the cenotaph each year. Children would have no more wonderful and educational destructor toys to play with. Teenagers would have nothing to protest about, draft dodgers would freeze from the lack of something to burn. The booby hatches would be filled to the saturation point, the world would be neurotic.

Great and merciful God, never end war. We can't afford it.

-Nick Gammon 12-2



Hint: r m = 501

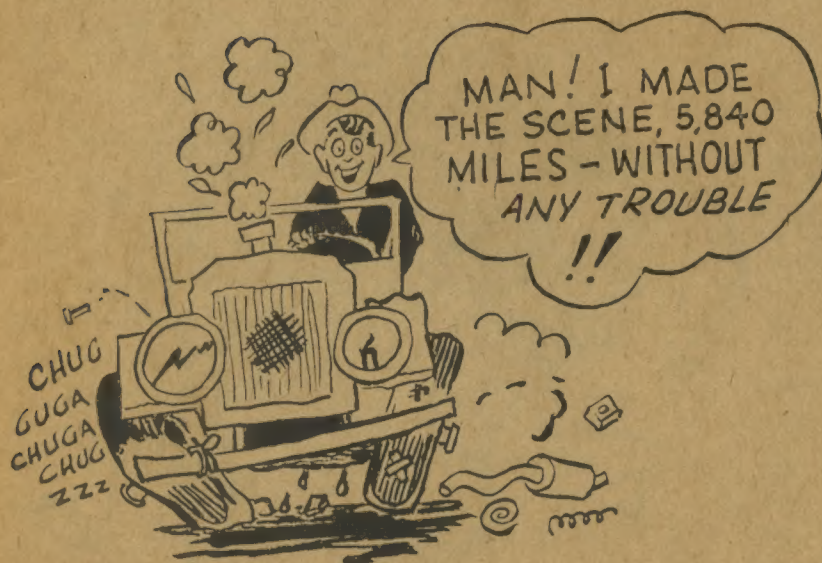
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